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LATEST FROM THE JOHNSTOWN HORROR.

THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE CRUEL CONEMAUGH.

MOTHER AND BABE, CLASPED IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, CAST UP BY THE WATERS.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1889.

## KILRAIN'S COLORS.

THE NEW  
FIGHTING COLORS of JAKE KILRAIN,  
Matched to fight John L. Sullivan for the  
"Police Gazette" champion belt and  
\$20,000.

## ARE NOW READY.

Sporting Men, Saloon-Keepers and others  
who desire to purchase these colors can  
obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this  
office. Orders should be sent immediately,  
as the supply is limited.

RICHARD K. FOX,  
Franklin Square, New York.

## OUR WORK IN JOHNSTOWN.

ON other pages of this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will be found delineations of the terrible scenes of the Johnstown disaster and a succinct story of the occurrences portrayed faithfully by painstaking and careful correspondents and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE staff, who were hurriedly despatched to the scene of the horror as soon as the news of the breaking of the dam had been flashed into this office. And yet no pen could portray nor pencil delineate the facts and occurrences as they took place. Even the descriptive power of a Dickens or the artistic brain of a Dore would fail to do justice to the awful "action" in the Valley of Death during the past two weeks. The correspondents and artists lay claim to no such powers, but they have done the best they could with the almost insurmountable difficulties that confronted them at every point. In any event no other paper has approached them in point of accuracy, and no pains, labor, time or money has been spared to present the scenes just as they occurred. The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE will no doubt appreciate this fact after having read our report and criticised our sketches.

THE POLICE GAZETTE, ever to the fore in matters appertaining to the public weal, suggests as a possible Presidential ticket for the year 2000; For President—Baby McKee. For Vice-President—Susan B. Anthony. 'Rah!

OUR well fixed natives are now flocking ruralward to bask in the shadows of the forests and to snake the little fishes in the brook. Tommy, Petey, S'mantha and the baby will go along and will monkey with the festive watermelon, the Erin-green apple and the cross-country bull, and Pa, in his Father Hubbard, and Ma, in her nighty, will do the go-as-you-please tramp act all night long through the whole summer and write letters to their envious neighbors at home, telling them what real nice times they are having, and how many blankets they are sleeping under. Such's life.

THE West Point cadets who are on furlough, and the members of the just graduated class, who are now full-fledged officers, came to town a few nights ago, did the theatres and the elephant, and filled the atmosphere chock full of fireworks. The POLICE GAZETTE flend, who was once a West Pointer himself, will tell the "boys" what he knows about cadet life in next week's issue of this, the "boys'" favorite paper. Watch for it, boys, and if the flend overdrives the matter come down to the POLICE GAZETTE office in a body and—well! We know a Benny Havens on Franklin Square.

NEW developments are daily occurring in the Chicago Dr. Cronin murder case, and as the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press several new arrests have been made in the case. Alexander Sullivan, the Irish leader, has been arrested in Chicago, and John J. Maroney and Charles McDonald, two New Yorkers, were gathered in by Inspector Byrnes. These arrests were made in accordance with the recommendations of the Coroner's jury, and the men will be turned over to the tender mercies of the Grand Jury. Twenty other alleged conspirators are to be arrested as soon as they can be placed. Next week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE will tell the whole story in detail.

## MASKS AND FACES

"Off for Europe!"—Daisies, Dudes and Dollars.

## BOUCICAULT AS A COOK.

Anecdotes About Actresses—Gone on Granier—Stage Beauties.

## PORTRAIT OF TERRY.

The steamers that leave New York nowadays for Europe always have an actor or a couple of actresses, plus a mamma, on board.



Maude Harrison sailed the other day with her mamma.

Mrs. Potter sailed with her papa.

Kyrie Bellew went along just for company, you know.

Jimmy Powers is ready to go. He is just waiting till he has mastered the irregular verbs.

Marie Jansen may go shortly.

I notice that actresses, when the steamer leaves, are the recipients of less flowers than the common run of women.

This may seem strange, but it's true.

I can explain it only by the fact that actresses receive flowers for show on the stage, out of the bravado of admirers, and not in the sincerity of honest friendship.

I witnessed a queer sight when Jesse Williams sailed for Europe the other day.

A gay and giddy burlesquer, Daisy Dimple, was on board.

The gang plank was down; the steamer was to sail in ten minutes; the dock was thronged with the burlesquer's admirers.

Daisy Dimple stood on the deck, leaned on the railing and smiled at the gallants who had taken the trouble to get up at six in the morning and come down to see her off.

"Goodby!"

"Be good!"

"Don't smash too many dukes."

Such were some of the exclamations that floated between Daisy and her admirers.

All of a sudden Dasher Van Killam, the swellest of the lot, began to fling silver dollars at his darling, and the steerage passengers and the sturdy first-classer, and the deck hands and everybody else was attracted by that argentine shower of rain.

Dasher Van Killam let those silver dollars rain on Daisy Dimple with uninterrupted generosity for five minutes. Many were caught by the deck hands. Many fell into the water. But Daisy Dimple looked proud, happy and smiling, that there was a fellow who'd make a public exhibition of his devotion to her so profusely, in so original, shining, clinking a manner.

All fools aren't dead yet.

Marcus Mayer, who with Charley Shredder will delight Paris and London this summer, once gave me his views of the girls of Montevideo, South America.

"The girls are the loveliest I ever saw. There is one part of the theatre where they only allow ladies. That is the 'Cazuela.' It is the circle just below the gallery, or 'Paraiso,' and one of the male sex is not allowed there, and ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the 'Cazuela.' The front row is reserved, and we charge six dollars for these seats.

The back rows are for the admission tickets to the 'Cazuela,' and for these we get one dollar and fifty cents. At about five o'clock the young ladies commence congregating at the door, and there they stand until seven o'clock, and keep up such a clatter and row that the police often compel us to open the doors and let them in at half-past six o'clock. You should see the scramble! They are worse than men or boys. They take the seats back of the front row, and those who are lucky get a seat, while the unfortunate damsels are compelled to 'stand up.' This place will hold about eight hundred women, and it is a

beautiful sight to look up at them in all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful brunettes, all bedecked in diamonds. At the close of the performance a platoon of soldiers—fifty men—forms on each side of the door at the exit to the streets and keeps the crowd back, so that the young ladies can depart in peace, and as they go they are met by their brothers or fathers or some escort to see them home."

I remember when traveling from Marseilles to Paris some eight years ago we had Jeanne Grahier on board

the train. As we stopped at Dijon, I think it was, for refreshments, I saw a young fellow in a smoking cap, in slippers, walking along the platform, a pipe between his teeth. He was a student, surrounded by fellow-students. Suddenly he caught sight of Granier. She was asking a guard to bring her a glass of water. The student rushed forward, procure her the water, and without a word entered her compartment. "I love you," said he to the astonished actress. "I have loved you long. I have a complete collection of your photographs."

"All aboard!" shouted the guard.

The student didn't get off. He actually rode with Granier from Dijon to Paris in his slippers, his smoking cap and his cheek, and I hear she afterwards took quite a fancy to him.

When we go to the theatre, my friend, we often see a handsome actress who shows a very small quantity of intelligence. We are then led to speculate on the relations betwixt looks and brains.

Beauty by itself goes a great way. I think a woman ought to look her part. I think that a Desdemona who is homely, whose hair is not of that rich blonde in which Venice delighted, who halts and stutters, whose eyes are not of amorous and melting warmth and lustre, ought to be killed in the first act instead of the fifth.

The beauties have ruled men from the earliest day. If photographs had been in fashion in the days of Solomon, he would doubtless have given his to the Queen of Sheba.

Wales, as you know, once gave his to Langtry. She shows it proudly to her visitors.

Helen of Troy, who raised the devil with Menelaus and violated the seventh commandment in Greek with Paris, was handsome, but she hadn't overmuch brains. Helen was one of the greatest actresses in history. You don't find her name on play bills, but she was a great actress all the same.

Bracegirdle wasn't half as great an actress as some say she was, but by a look, she could make the galago give up the dust.

Peg Woffington was a looker, they say, but her head was not overcharged with grey matter.

Siddons had both brains and beauty, but Miss O'Neill had no great claims to intelligence.

Adelaide Neilson was a beauty and a great brain too.

She had a level head. She used to treat the boys to drinks after the show, herself standing in front of the bar.

You have probably never heard of Anna Cora Mowatt of Virginia. She was a professional beauty in her day. E. L. Davenport was quite enthralled by her. She was featured, paragraphed, puffed, pushed. Who knows her to-day?

Helen Western and Ada Isaacs Menken were stage beauties, but their names will not rank in stage history with that of homely Charlotte Cushman and plain Mrs. Kendal.

Matilda Heron was almost repellent.

Clara Morris is not much better.

But they will live.

So will Bernhardt and Terry, though neither has the classic regularity of feature of Anderson nor wealth of bust of Coghlan.

Have you ever seen the pen picture Charles Reade, the novelist, drew of Ellen Terry in his diary? Here it is.

"Ellen Terry, a young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls *le grand art de plaire*. She was a very promising actress, married young to Mr. Watt, the painter. Unfortunate differences ended in a separation, and instead of returning to the stage she wasted some years in the country. In 1873 I coaxed her back to play *Philippa* at the Queen's Theatre, and she was afterward my leading actress in a provincial tour. She played *Helen of Troy* very finely (*Epil Play*). In 1875 engaged to play *Portia* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and her performance is the principal histrionic attraction, the *Shylock* of Mr. Coghlan being considered somewhat slow and monotonous. Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing particular. Complexion a delicate brick dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawnlike grace, whether in movement or repose. Grace pervades the husky. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical—in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman."

I called on Annie and Lizzie Alliston some time ago.

They take a great interest in artistic knick-knacks, these clever women, and they have quite a fine collection of their own. I remember having seen among their treasures the oddest pair of Zulu earrings which were picked up by the blond burlesques at Cape Town. I also remember the little fetich they brought along from India, the boomerang that migrated from Australia, the fishing rod from Japan, a jewel case from Singapore, and an ex-

quisite little pair of agate boots from Hong Kong. The rooms of the Misses Alliston are, in fact, a kind of museum. A fellow feels like exclaiming with the old writer:

"Curios of all sorts can here be seen,  
Strange things in nature as they grow so,  
Some relics of the Sheba Queen  
And fragments of the famed Bob Crusoe!"

Boucicault and his latest wife are regular first-nighters.

I hear that once during a Southern tour Mr. Boucicault and his company were compelled to remain over night at Jackson, Miss.

Strange as it may appear, the principal hotel in the place was in a most dilapidated condition. The windows, even in the best apartments, were entirely destitute of glass, and the house was not celebrated for its cuisine.

His manager came to him in great trepidation, and apologizing for the wretched accommodations, feared his "star" would get but a poor dinner.

"Why, have you had yours?" suddenly asked Boucicault, astonishing the manager with his question.

"No!"

"Don't worry about me. Come here in half an hour and you'll think differently."

When the manager returned he found a dainty and extremely savory meal upon the centre table, which was set for two.

"Sit down with me. Do you find it good?" said Boucicault, after a few minutes.

"Good!" exclaimed the now hunger-peased manager. "It is equal to Delmonico. A splendid French dinner."

"But cooked by an Irishman."

"An Irishman? Who is he?"

"Mesealf," said Boucicault, with characteristic brevity.

Steele Mackaye is another playwright who is regular at first nights when in town.

Sidney Rosenfeld, in spite of the hot weather, has been in town a great deal lately, and Yonkers is deserted.

Sedley Brown, the author of "Pine Meadow," the new play produced at the authors' matinee at the Madison Square, has shaved off his mustache, and looks more like an actor now. Sedley Brown is small and slight, but devilish game for his weight, so look out for him. His wife, Henriette Crossman, is one of the prettiest women on our stage.

I overheard quite a clever bit between two dudes in the lobby the other night.

"Think we've time for a cigarette, old chappie?"

"Well old chappie, considering thirty years are supposed to elapse between this act and the next, I think we have."

ROSEN.

## RED PEPPER AT A RECEPTION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The young ladies of the Delta Gamma Society connected with the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wis., gave a reception recently in honor of the visiting delegates to the National Convention then in session there.

In the latter part of the evening some of the students caused a commotion among the guests by blowing a large quantity of red pepper through a hole in the ceiling, giving everybody a sneezing fit and making some of the ladies sick. The police were called in and tried to capture the miscreants. A tussle took place, during which one of the professors gently stepped through the ceiling.

## BONIFACE GEORGE MOUNTFORD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of George Mountford, the well-known sporting man, of Birmingham, England, and proprietor of the Union Bar, Union street, Birmingham. Mountford was born at Worcester, England, on Dec. 11, 1846. Besides the Union Bar, Mountford is the proprietor of the Anchor Inn and the Duke of York. He is one of the most popular and well-known sporting men in Birmingham, and was an intimate friend of Fred Archer, the late well-known jockey. Besides being a boniface, Mountford is an expert boxer and general athlete. He is a member of the Birmingham Boxing Club, and a keen lover of all manner of sports.

## CLEVER DAN COLLYER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Dan Collyer, long one of the favorites at Harrigan's, is in our dramatic picture gallery this week. He was born in Baltimore, Md., and now lives in his own house in Harlem, New York. Mr. Collyer is an excellent impersonator of Yankee, Irish and negro character. His nigger wench *Vi'let*, in "Pete," was a truly artistic bit of work, worthy of special mention in the history of the American stage. Mr. Collyer will probably star before long, and his many friends will wish him all possible success.

## A PLUCKY CINCINNATI GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Kate Dudley, of No. 137 George street, Cincinnati, was awakened from her slumbers recently by a strange noise. Looking around the room she discovered a colored man standing in the middle of it. With a scream she jumped out of bed, and the burlar made a rush for the window he had gained entrance through and escaped. The fellow carried a large Jimmie in one hand and had a revolver in the other.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

## DESOLATION!

The Work of Reclaiming  
Corpses Still Going  
on at Johnstown.

## BRAIN-CRAZING SCENES

Nearly Four Thousand Bodies  
Recovered and More  
to Come.

## SUNDAY IN THE VALLEY.

Ministers of the Gospel Dilating  
Upon the Responsibility.

## WHO ARE THE GUILTY ONES?

A Terrible Accounting Ahead for Those  
Who May Be Inculpated.

## WILD, WEIRD OCCURRENCES.

Ghouls Driven Out of Town and Lag-  
gards Compelled to Work.

## THE VALLEY NO PLACE FOR EITHER.

Police Gazette Correspondents and  
Artists on Duty.

## SCENES TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

## [SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

JOHNSTOWN, JUNE 12.—There is every indication at the present time of writing that the death-roll of the Conemaugh will not reach above 5,000. It may possibly be less. Already nearly 4,000 bodies have been recovered, and as 21,000 survivors have already been registered, things look brighter, if such an awful calamity can have a bright side.

The work of unearthing the dank, weird-looking corpses continues, and on Saturday fifty-eight were added to the roster. On Sunday willing hands worked anxiously amid the debris, spurred on by the frantic appeals of grief-stricken relatives and friends of those who had not been accounted for.

You who sit in your quiet homes, even though you exchange pitying ejaculations of commiseration among yourselves concerning the horror, can have no idea of the appalling scenes witnessed by the correspondents and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE, who have been here all week looking over the Valley of Death and lending a helping hand here and there where it was needed.

The shrieks, groans, moans and ejaculations of poor women, wringing their hands and begging for even the slightest news of their lost ones; men prematurely gray, wrecks of their former selves, beseeching for the slightest token of some one or more they loved most dear; little children in tatters—children too young even to appreciate the terribleness of the dire calamity—running about fatherless and motherless crying for food. These scenes and scenes worse of constant occurrence; of so constant occurrence that we have almost become accustomed to them. But even the stout hearts of newspaper men, who are accustomed to death and disaster, of holocaust and flood, have been made to quail at some of the sights witnessed.

It is a wonder that the valley is not a valley of raving maniacs, and that Johnstown has not been turned into a colossal mad house.

One man did go mad yesterday, and it can be seen by the glaring eyes and unnatural actions of others that reason has been dethroned at least temporarily. Nerves have been stretched to the greatest tension by hundreds who realized the fact that to give way meant a contagion in this regard, and so each bore up under the awful scenes in order that he or she might not unnerve his or her fellows.

A young soldier, Private Young, of Company C, Fourteenth regiment, upon being relieved from duty for a while this afternoon, went into his tent, put the muzzle of his musket in his mouth, and blew the side of his head off. It is said he had been on duty sixty hours, but this is undoubtedly an exaggeration. It is a notorious fact, however, that the soldiers are doing twice as much work as they ought to be asked to do, and that, too, under the most unhealthy conditions and with poor rations.

The soldier boys have done nobly and have suffered with the rest of the sufferers.

Much more could be told regarding the way in which the ghouls were treated than has been told. In some instances they were led quietly outside the lines and then with a gentle, persuasive power, in the shape of a large-sized boot-peg, they were informed that unless they made themselves scarce they might expect summary vengeance. In most instances, however, the injunction was given over their detestable corpses. The most of these were Hungarians, and they had evidently formed themselves into a society for the purpose of robbing the dead. They cut the fingers and ear-loops from the bodies of the unfortunates in order to steal

from Johnstown, was built by the State as a feeder to the canal, and was completed in 1851. As originally built across the valley it had a width of base 320 feet and 30 feet on the crown, with a height of 90 feet at the centre face, the outside slope being 45 degrees and the inside slope 25 degrees.

"The dam was built of puddled clay, faced inside with stone and with riprap of great stones on the outside, the proportion being 200 feet of clay and 100 of riprap, diminishing with the slope. The length of the dam was 350 feet. The culvert was 12 feet in diameter, and in its centre was the regulating pipe.

waste weir to have prevented the fearful calamity which occurred. An overflow might have happened at the sides, but the water would have flowed so slowly as not to have endangered life."

There has been culpable negligence somewhere, and future investigation will place the responsibility exactly where it belongs. Then somebody will have to "stand from under."

The people here are determined that there shall be no evasion or dissimulation in this matter, and there is trouble at hand for somebody if the responsibility can be placed. The poverty-stricken people who, one short week ago, had no care and were thrifty, have seen their houses razed to the ground, their families swept away and their teeming valley laid waste. As soon as the last corpse has been reclaimed and buried; as soon as they have recovered from the shock of the awful calamity, as soon as they can turn their attention to a realization of the terrible trials they have undergone, they will order a full and searching inquisition, and those guilty of this worse than crime will be made to suffer, if there is any law or justice in the land.

And there is.

Governor Beaver, of this State, has been here pretty much all week and the old veteran has done much to straighten out matters. His presence has had a good effect on the almost panic-stricken and nearly crazed people, and he has succeeded in converting chaos into something more tangible.

It has been denied that there was any clash between the good governor and the Pittsburgh authorities, but this can hardly be true. Soon after he arrived he surveyed the ground and after he had seen that everything was progressing as well as might be under the existing circumstances, he telegraphed to Mayor Grant, of New York, that everything was doing nicely and that no more money need be sent until it was telegraphed for. This was in answer to a message sent by your Mayor, asking what disposition should be made of the several hundred thousand dollars subscribed by charitably-disposed New Yorkers for the relief of the sufferers. An hour later the Pittsburgh authorities telegraphed to New York for immediate aid in the way of dollars, picturing the utter destitution of the sufferers. Mayor Grant returned word that he was in communication with Governor Beaver, and that settled it.

There's where the clash came in, and that's all there is in it.

Among the heart-rending stories which have come to the notice of our correspondent is this:

Tom McConnell is an engineer on the Stony Creek



GUARDING THE RUINS.

the rings and ear-rings. When apprehended in the act a well-directed bullet "got there" and did its work admirably.

The lovers or admirers of sensation, tragedy and grim death have had a large field for their morbidity here during the past week, and it has been taken advantage of to an enormous degree. Elegantly dressed women have arrived on nearly every incoming train for the mere purpose of feasting upon the terrible sights, and have enjoyed themselves to their alleged hearts' content. They have been snubbed at every point, and their stay has been of short duration, but when they departed with the "good riddance!" of those who had a more praiseworthy object in view, they gave way to new batches of the same brand of humanity (?) which were in turn given to understand that their room was better than their company.

These are strange scenes, and one would scarce imagine that one was within a short hour's ride of the thriving city of Pittsburgh. It is what one might picture as the legendary Judgment Day. If the Judgment Day is to be any worse than this has been, I want to wind up my business and saunter across the boundary line. It has been a sad Judgment Day for the poor, suffering souls here, and even those who have attended to their religious duties since childhood and were nurtured in the faith, look at each other, wring their hands and murmur:

"What have we done to deserve this?"

And the answer comes in moaning and through tears:

"God alone knows! He works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform!"

The ministers who preached on the mountain-side on Sunday tried to explain it. Some said it was a visitation of Providence, others dodged the subject, while still others came out boldly and said that God had nothing whatever to do with it, but that it was due entirely to the culpability of the wealthy Pittsburgh members of the South Fork Fishing Club, who, to gratify their own pleasurable desires at the least possible expense, had permitted the dam to go unrepaired and uncared for, to the danger of the inhabitants of the erstwhile quiet valley, who had never harmed anybody.

Then the doubters shook their heads and asked out boldly if the Supreme Being did not control the actions of His creatures, even if they were wealthy.

Then the ministers again dodged the subject and responded, "Let us pray."

A scene followed that cannot be depicted on paper.

"This dam was abandoned after the sale of the canal by the State, and the culvert and adjacent parts were washed out. The dam was subsequently reconstructed by the South Fork Fishing Club in 1882. The culvert was closed up with solid stone, filled in with dirt back.

"This dam was 75 feet high and had a waste weir 40 feet wide by 10 feet deep cut in the solid rock.

"The dam did not burst, but the water rose so rapidly that the waste weir could not carry it off, and it overflowed and washed out a gap in the dam 325 feet wide on the top and 175 at the bottom. The lake above the dam was 2.9 miles long and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in width, with a maximum depth of 60 feet and an average depth of 45 feet. This volume of water was discharged, according to the evidence of the engineer in charge, Mr. John G. Parke, in 45 minutes.

"From all this information it is seen that the dam did not burst; that its strength was sufficient for the work it had to do; that it was lower than the old dam, and was provided with a waste weir of a large, though, as events show, insufficient dimension. The washing out of the dam was not unexpected. For hours the engineer saw that it was inevitable, since the water had risen above the crown of the dam, and was flowing over it, and this, in the impossibility of increasing the waste weirs, made the failure of the dam by washing out merely a question of time. The engineer sent men and rode himself down the valley, warning the people that the dam was breaking. Many not only saved themselves but their furniture, and those in Johnstown had abundant time after the warning to have escaped, but they did not realize the effect of such a flood, and remained in the houses, no doubt expecting a flood, but not a torrent and a deluge. The damming up of the water against the stone bridge, no doubt, was the cause of a very large part of the loss of life.

"Insufficient overflow weirs and the material of which the dam was built seem to have been the chief defects in the structure, which was strong enough. No engineer should think of building an earth dam at such a point, and had this dam been built of rock the overflow would not have worn it away.

"An earth dam has appropriate places, but one of them certainly is not just above a thickly inhabited valley.

"When the canal was sold by the State the old dam was abandoned. The culvert was broken up, and that made a large opening in the centre of the dam. When the fishing club bought it they filled this up with loose stones.

A railroad which runs through the valley. He and his good wife, Mrs. Margaret McConnell, dwelt in Woodvale, one of the ruined boroughs which formed a part of Johnstown, until shortly before the floods came.

Opposite them dwelt a family named Treff. Desiring to nearer the scene of his employment, Tom determined to move from his Woodvale cottage and seek a home in Kernville, further up on the mountain. Before moving he determined to have his cottage photographed, and a photographer was summoned.

Having no children of their own, and being passionately fond of little ones, the kindly couple had loved and coveted "Baby" Treff, their good neighbor's child.

The child had been their favorite since babyhood, and was their almost constant companion. The child was invited over to have his picture taken with the goodly McConnells.

When the floods came through Woodvale the borough was almost entirely obliterated. Mr. and Mrs. Treff and their family of seven, including "Baby" Treff, about four years of age, were lost. Engineer Tom, on his engine, drew into the Bedford street station at Kernville on the fatal day. It was about four o'clock when he dismounted from his cab and started for home. An hour later the rushing waters came onward and blotted out of existence all the valley towns. Hero Tom rushed to the rescue, and, as the waters backed up into Stony Creek Valley, he was in the fore in saving lives. Dashing bravely into the angry waters, he drew out form after form until he had saved seven lives—all women. A child came floating by.

"That looks like Baby Treff," said he between his set teeth, as he dashed into the tide. He grasped the little one by the hair and then drew it tenderly ashore.

It was not Baby Treff.

"If the child's parents are lost we'll adopt it!" he said to his wife, as he delivered it over to her.

"That we will," responded the kindly-hearted woman.

Later on their fears and hopes were alike dispelled. A villager named Flynn claimed the little one and it was given over to his care.

Back to the river went brave Tom. Another infant came along, drifting on the surface of the back water. Tom saved it. His hopes and fears again arose. Carrying it to the shore and examining the baby closely he found that it was colored.

Then he went home to take much-needed rest.

Mrs. McConnell proved herself a heroine. She could not do man's duty, but she could and did do woman's work. From her household stores she gave, and gave plentifully, and when all was gone she hurried among the sufferers and catered to their wants, and soothed their fears, though she knew in her heart many of the latter were well founded.

(Continued on Page 6.)



THE LAUNDRY IN THE FLOOD.

Souls filled with woe; men, women and children with tears trickling down their pallid cheeks, gave up thanks that it was no worse. The sceptical looked on and wondered what under the dome of Heaven there was to be thankful for, or how it could be worse—for them.

God alone knew.

Skilled engineers came to the front on Monday and set all doubts at rest on the all-important subject. This is what they reported:

"The South Fork, or Conemaugh dam, nine miles

dirt, dumped it in just as you might build a railroad embankment, instead of using stone. As a consequence, the dam settled in the centre and sank so low that the waste weir could only carry off about three or four feet of water instead of seven. Had the dam been built so that the centre would have remained firm, sufficient water would have been carried off by the

waste weir to have prevented the fearful calamity which occurred. An overflow might have happened at the sides, but the water would have flowed so slowly as not to have endangered life."

KILRAIN'S COLORS.—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$1.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



CLEVER DAN COLLYER,  
A FAVORITE COMEDIAN WHOM ALL HIS FRIENDS CALL "A FAIR AND, SQUARE MAN."



LUSCIOUS LETTY LIND,  
ONE OF THE MAINSTAYS OF THE LONDON GAIETY COMPANY OF BEAUTIES.



BRAVE "TOM" McCONNELL,  
THE STONY CREEK ENGINEER, WHO RISKED HIS LIFE TO SAVE  
OTHERS IN THE BIG FLOOD OF THE CONEMAUGH.



WINSOME "BABY" TREFF,  
A LITTLE WOODVALE CHILD THAT MIGHT HAVE ESCAPED  
DEATH WHEN THE CRUEL CONEMAUGH FLOOD CAME.



HEROINE MARGARET McCONNELL,  
THE PLUCKY KINDLY WIFE OF ENGINEER "TOM" McCONNELL,  
WHO DID SO MUCH TO RELIEVE THE SUFFERERS.



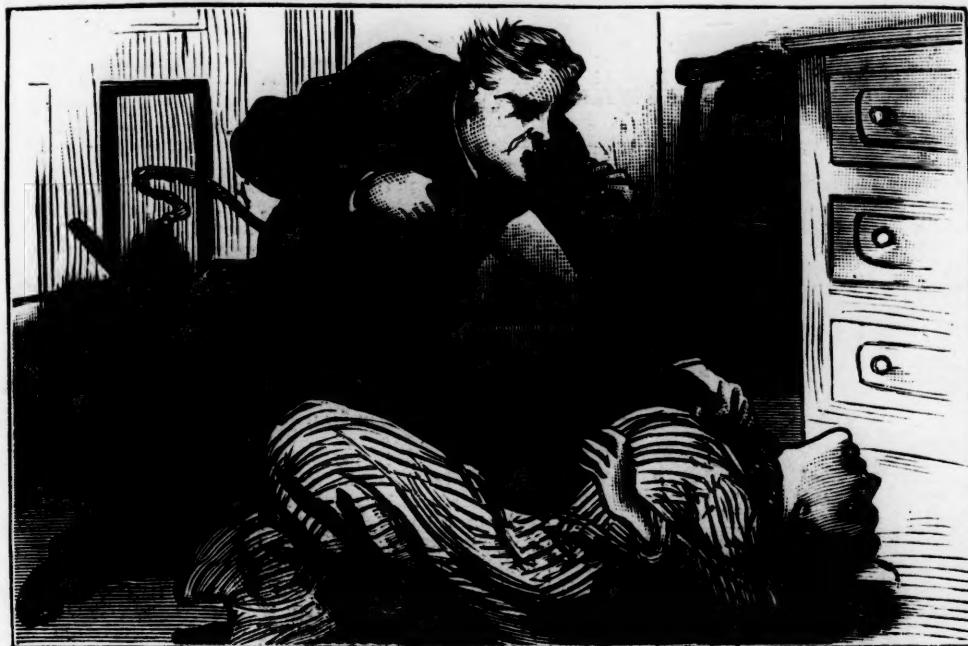
A CONEMAUGH VALLEY HERO.  
BENSON TIGHE, OF CARBON COUNTY, PA., WHO GAINED FAME  
DURING THE RECENT AWFUL TIMES.



A MIRACLE OF THE FLOOD.  
MISS KATE BLAKE, OF THE HURLBUT HOUSE, JOHNSTOWN,  
WHO WAS SAVED, HALF DEAD, IN A TREE.

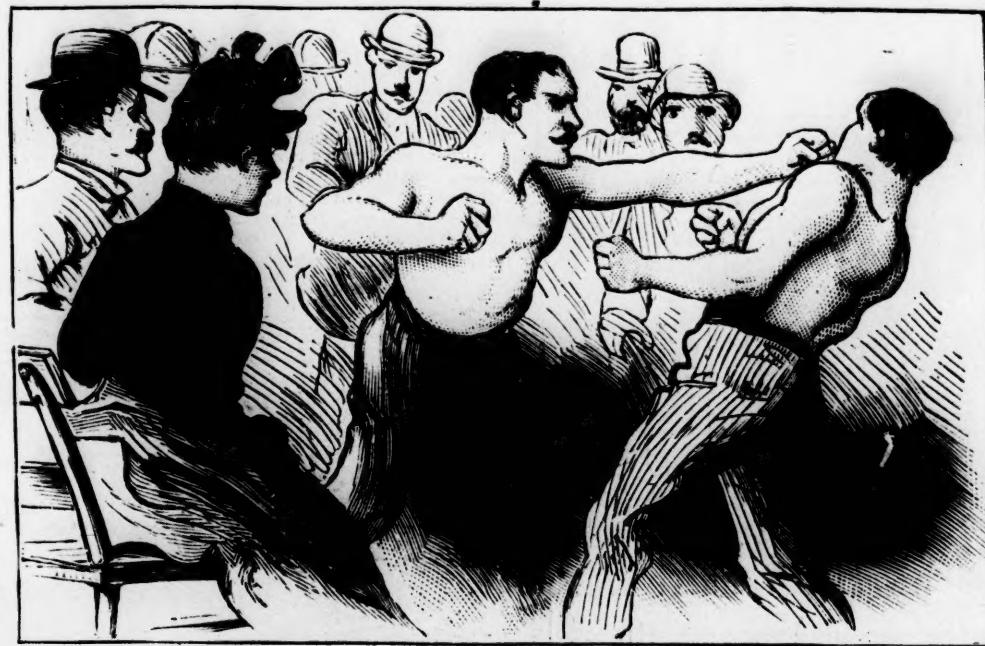


JOHNSTOWN'S PAUL REVERE.  
JOHN G. PARKE, THE YOUNG ENGINEER, WHO DISTINGUISHED  
HIMSELF BY WARNING THE PEOPLE TO FLEE.



STRANGLED HIS WIFE.

KARL HAHNMAN OF GIRARD, KANSAS, KILLS HIS WIFE AND THEN HIMSELF IN A FIT OF DESPERATION.



FOUGHT TWELVE ROUNDS FOR A GIRL.

CLAYTON ANDREWS AND EDWARD HICKOX, OF WATERBURY, CONN., FIGHT TO A FINISH FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTY.



TRAMPELED TO DEATH BY A HORSE.

MRS. ELLISON, OF BROOKLYN, SAVES HER SON, BUT IS KILLED HERSELF AT THE NEW YORK BRIDGE ENTRANCE.



A LONE WIDOW AND HER PISTOL.

SHE, WITH THE AID OF HER GUN, SENDS THE CORNING, DES MOINES, GUN CLUB FLYING AT THEIR LAST MEET.

# LIGHT DAWNS

The Fears of the Almost  
Panic-Stricken Suf-  
ferers Quieted.

## GEN. HASTINGS IN CHARGE.

Johnstown Placed Under Mili-  
tary Espionage and all  
Going Well.

## HITCH BETWEEN AUTHORITIES.

Charitable Cities Say: "Our  
Money for the Sufferers;  
not for the State!"

## MORE MONEY NEEDED.

It Will Be Placed Where It Will Do  
the Most Good.

## A PÆAN OF PRAISE.

The Thongs From the Hillsides Pre-  
paring for a New Life.

## NOW TO REVIVIFY THE VALLEY!

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

JOHNSTOWN, June 13.—I had an interview with one of Gov. Beaver's aides to-day. This appears to be the governor's idea:

"The people here are not in need of money. Not but that they are poverty-stricken and homeless, but because if each individual of them were as rich as a Vanderbilt or an Astor they couldn't spend a penny of it, for the simple reason that there is no place where they can spend it. The stores are all gone, and what there is of food or clothing can be had by the needy for the asking."

"What is needed most and above all is more food and clothing. More of these, and all the time more. Keep on sending it, and send plentifully. Nine-tenths of the people are ragged and bare, and they must be covered."

"Money will be needed afterward, and then the American public will, no doubt, see that all in that line is supplied."

"The cities and towns must be rebuilt, and homes must be provided for those who are now dwelling on the hillsides in tents or in rudely constructed hovels. That will come in time. Send more clothing now, for rebuilding is out of the question until the bodies have all been recovered and until the debris has been cleared away."

The fact of the case is that money is needed all the time, and the more of it the better. It can all be readily used. It is an all-important factor in everything that appertains to life, and a new life would soon spring up with plenty of it here."

Already there is a sign of that new life. It is announced that within a few days the Wood, Morrell & Co. general store will reopen, and other dealers in staples are making arrangements to start as soon as they can obtain buildings. Pittsburgh wholesalers are encouraging this by offering to let old bills stand and to give plenty of credit for new stock. When the stores are open again there will be much less demand upon the relief stores, for many people are living upon charity now simply because there is no place where they can buy provisions for themselves.

Then, too, there will soon be an opening for iron workers and steel mill men in the new Johnstown, as fifteen hundred of the old employees of the Cambria Company are missing, and new men must take their places.

There are plenty of houseless, moneyless men here to do this, and most of them have, for the past ten days, been doing duty as special officers.

If any one could look at a stalwart Broadway policeman and then glance at one of the "special police" on duty here the comparison might be detrimental to the members of the "very finest." The specials are of the saved from the wreck, and have been sworn in as peace officers, and they do their duty with spirit, heart and vim inborn of a terrible realization of the true facts of the terrible situation. Nearly all of them have been left homeless by the devastating flood, and a majority of them have lost more than home—loved ones. Their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, little ones or sweethearts have "gone down," as they put it, and woe

be to the miscreant who is caught defiling or vandalizing the remains. Short shrift is made of him. These special officers can be found officiating as sentinels all along the valley, and they are an uncouth but brawny, able-bodied and determined-looking body of men. They are attired in every imaginable costume, such as has been grabbed from the wreck, and they do their vigils armed with guns, pistols, baseball bats, oak staves, pieces of iron or lead pipe, or anything else of a convincing nature that comes easy to hand.

"Keep off forbidden ground!" "Danger here!" can be seen in every glance. They are dangerous men to med-

the right place, and he can be found here, there and everywhere, ministering to the wants of the down-hearted and consoling those who need kind words. He is a conspicuous figure all through the valley and with his unique costume and death-like face he looks more like a spook as he fits here and there attending to his self-imposed duties. Father Field is fully six feet in height, and he is smooth shaven and sunken-cheeked. His long robe hangs down to his feet and is fastened about the waist by a rope to which is attached a large ebony cross. His head is surmounted by a sombrero, the band of which is a knotted rope. Many

ingly the committee of arrangements prepared everything.

In the evening the friends of the deceased gathered and discussed the many virtues of their departed friend. A "dummy" corpse had been prepared, and it was placed on a board and covered with a sheet. Several kindly old Irish women gathered around this, keeping the Irish death song, which is one of the most weird and mournful things imaginable. This was kept up for a couple of hours. When the mourners were about to disperse, after having paid what they considered a fitting tribute to the memory of the unfortunate Mike, a knock was heard at the door. It was opened by one of the women, who immediately gave a scream of terror and fled to another room. Before the assembled people could recover from their surprise, they, too, received a shock. The cause of it all was a poorly-clad man, who bounded into the room exclaiming: "I'm not dead."

It was Mike himself. He had come to the city on a late train, and, hearing that his wake was in progress, he concluded to attend it. While he rejoices over his escape from death, he mourns the loss of \$300 which he had saved out of his earnings to pay off a mortgage on his mother's home. He had the money in a trunk at his boarding-house and it was swept away.

Who knows how many more instances of a like nature will be recorded when the final accounting is made?

There are hundreds here who are endeavoring to identify their dead, but cannot do so, and therefore lay the pleasing memento to their souls that their relatives or friends will turn up safe and sound elsewhere.

Fallacious hope!

When the big bridge took fire many people were burned to a charred down to their middles, and the remaining portions of their bodies, those under water, were swept away by the torrent, and will never be found, except in the way of bleached bones by the valley side, and it will be impossible to distinguish the difference between them and the bones of animals of brute creation that met the same fate.

Around the headquarters established for the record



MAIN STREET. LOOKING EAST

die with, and they are left religiously alone by those of evil intent.

Down at Cambria City, on Monday, this last assertion was verified. There was a camp of two hundred Italians there, and when the floods came the Italians were thrown out of work. It was a picnic for them and they determined to take advantage of it. When the relief stores were started these men came in regularly for their rations. They were given freely at first, but it soon became monotonous. They were depleting stores that were needed for more worthy subjects of charity, and the Italians were kindly informed that they were as welcome as were the others if they would assist the others in removing the debris and rescuing the bodies. This they doggedly refused to do. Then there was an uprising on the part of the special police.

"No work, no aid!" said the determined men.

There was a kick on the part of the patrol, and they threatened to kill every man in the gang unless they went to work. The Italians, probably realizing the triteness of the adage, "Discretion is the better part of valor," went to work. A detachment of the Fourteenth Regiment was sent for, and the Italians are now laboring under guard.

While waiting to see what would turn up I obtained a story which rather resembles a miracle than an occurrence born of nature.

Kate Blake was a domestic in the Hurlbut House. When the rush of waters came she was swept away with the rest. Several hours later she was rescued, more dead than alive, hanging in the branches of a sturdy valley tree.

Other incidents of a like almost miraculous nature could be recounted, but the daily newspapers have treated of them.

Among the heroes whose names might be mentioned in connection with the calamity is Benson Tigh, of Carbon county, Pa. That's all the address he would give to the newspaper reporters, saying modestly that he was not looking for notoriety. Mr. Tigh was one of the passengers on the train that arrived just as the rushing of the waters came, and he began his career of bravery by aiding and assisting many helpless women and children to the hillside. Since then he

have received comfort from the good Father, and the angels, no doubt, are gladdened at his self-sacrificing acts.

The swirl of the awful rapids did queer work. Among the instances of this nature to be mentioned are these:

Just near the Cambria Iron Works a house, with its foundation, was entirely moved and set down safe and sound one hundred feet below its former site. Other houses were turned upside down and deposited upside down with care, gable-deep in the mud. This thing occurred in innumerable instances. What is more singular, perhaps, is the way in which the torrent played with the trees. Sturdy oaks were uprooted and completely overturned and now their roots are pointing zenithward, while their quondam top branches are ingratiating themselves into the affections of Mother Earth.

Startling and almost incomprehensible scenes like this are found on all sides. They sound like fiction, but there is not sufficient space in a dozen issues of the POLICE GAZETTE to record instances of a like nature.

The reason why I am unable to give the exact total number of dead at the present writing will be obvious when I have stated that hundreds upon hundreds have found unknown graves. What I mean by this is that, before the morgue was established, for the purpose of avoiding the much-dreaded pestilence, unless the bodies were identified on the spot, they were hastily buried in hurriedly constructed trenches and then covered over. This was absolutely necessary or the death roll of those now living would have, perchance, mounted up to ten thousand—perhaps more. Thus it is that it is impossible to record the exact extent of the horror.

On the other hand, many are mourned as dead who are yet alive. The registry scheme, originated for the purpose of recording the names of those saved, has been of untold benefit, but as many have been either too busy or have not taken the trouble to register, there are those alive who are mourned as dead, and perhaps many dead who were not known to have been in this locality at the time of the flood.

In this connection I can mention the following. The

of "missing" many heartrending scenes are witnessed. The scenes beggar description, and I cannot tell them as they occur. Tottering old men and women, frantic mothers, husbands and wives, and orphaned children come to the desk and, half, yes more than half crazed, report their missing ones and then give way to others, who tell the old, old story and then pass on, to again give room to more of the grief-stricken souls. Thus it goes on from morning until night.

No rest for the weary.

No peace or consolation for the suffering.

Yesterday the heavens were opened again, and a plentiful supply of rain partially swelled the creeks, but it was of short duration. About fifty bodies were recovered, and the work goes on. Early in the day the workmen on the big raft edged up toward the wreckage at the bridge, and a number of bodies were taken out. In one mass in Stony Creek nine bodies were found, and it is known that there are many more along the valley, but how many none can tell.

Shortly after noon the volunteers, who have done so nobly and who had been so self-sacrificing, stopped work, and Adjt.-Gen. Hastings, with his military forces, took charge of the work on behalf of the State of Pennsylvania. Somewhat dilatory, perhaps, but still it is never too late to mend. The volunteers, from those near by who risked their lives in rescuing the living from the heap of burning buildings above the railroad bridge to those from more distant places who arrived only in time to dig the dead from the miserable graves with which the calamity had furnished them, have worked tirelessly and even nobly. The thousands of workmen from western Pennsylvania and from Ohio and other adjacent States who left their homes to work in the ruins at Johnstown, have given to the cause of humanity mites as creditable to them as the thousands of dollars and train loads of supplies that others differently situated have contributed for the aid of the survivors. To-day their work ended, and they are going home as rapidly as the trains will take them. Scores of others, clerks and business men, who have taken charge of the distribution of food and clothing for the flood sufferers, also ended their duties to-day, but many of them are staying to assist the Adjutant-General's staff in organizing the commissary department that will hereafter look after the hungry among the sufferers.

This work is greater than is generally supposed. The official estimate is that for the present 22,000 persons must be provided with food, medicine, medical attendance and other necessities. The food alone would cost \$3,500 a day if it had to be purchased. The number of destitute persons will decrease as fast as the mills get to work and the stores are started, at which provisions can be purchased, but it will be several weeks yet before the great body of the survivors can become self-supporting.

Meantime the work of clearing up the town has come practically to a standstill upon the transfer of the job from the Relief Committee to the State. Most of the hired men have gone home along with the volunteers, and the State authorities say that they expect to start in with only 200 or 300 men, and gradually to increase the number until they get a full force.

A little scare was caused by the announcement that a number of cases of malignant diphtheria had been



DISTRIBUTING RELIEF.

has been here, there and everywhere, helping the distressed and afflicted, and he has many saved lives to his credit when he is called upon to account for his mission on earth. He was a well-dressed man when he came here, but now he is almost in rags.

Another hero is Father Field, a queer but faithful servant of the High Church of England. Father Field is an uncouth-looking individual, but his heart is in

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found, and when it was further announced that the people had been drinking water that drained a grave-yard up on the hill, something of a panic was started, and everybody felt, or thought he felt, ill. Precau-



BURNING DEBRIS.

tions have been taken to secure water from another source, and danger of an epidemic will possibly be averted. Nearly everybody who has been here any length of time, however, has the malaria, and the mountains fairly shudder with the shivering of the multitudes.

Dynamite was used in the river below the bridge to-day, but Gen. Hastings expects to get along without it hereafter. Good progress was made in cleaning out the channel of the Conemaugh above the bridge. A number of stationary engines and long cables were effectively used to pull out the heavy timbers. The morgues are about to be abolished on account of the bad condition of the bodies recovered. Identification is almost impossible unless by personal effects found upon the bodies. The State Board of Health still issues encouraging bulletins, although isolated cases of pneumonia, diphtheria and measles are reported, generally from the suburbs.

Everywhere in Johnstown to-day owners of property were hard at work cleaning out their cellars, drying carpets and bedding and renovating generally. The women worked bravely, and, with the aid of brush and water, were soon able to see their floors for the first time in twelve days. The mud is caked all over the walls, and furniture and carpets generally are ruined.

During the greater part of to-day an air of business surrounded the Cambria Iron Company's works, and every clerk and department manager was at work. The books, maps, deeds, land patents and other valuable papers, which were thoroughly soaked in the flood, were spread out on tables and lines, and fires were built in the grates to aid in drying them. It will take about three weeks to finish this work, and then business in the offices will go on as formerly.

Adjt.-Gen. Hastings was the busiest man in Johnstown all day. And after he had looked over the field a bit he sent out a request that the mayors of all cities along the rivers between Pittsburgh and New Orleans send descriptions of any bodies that they may find in the river to him at this place. Then he established permanent headquarters in the Pennsylvania Railroad freight warehouse, and the following arrangements were entered into:

The Department of Public Safety will be in charge of General J. A. Wiley; Colonel S. W. Hill will be Quartermaster; Colonel J. Granville Leach and Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Sprangler, Commissary, and Major W. H. Horn in charge of the Receiving Department. Eleven

Colonel John I. Rogers will be in charge of the Bureau of Information, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Gray of the Accounting Department. The Bureau of Information will endeavor to record a list of all bodies discovered, with names, as an accurate description or some such information will be necessary to establish title to property and rights of inheritance. The Accounting Department will have charge of all accounts with laborers, contractors and Commissary departments, and will make an effort to conduct the affairs of the Government on purely business principles.

Under this new system of affairs everything will, no doubt, go on swimmingly.

Let us hope so, for there is much to be done.

Gen. Hastings, in an interview this afternoon, said: "The work of cleaning up the city will be done by contract, and negotiations will be opened at once with leading contractors. Several may be employed, but I cannot say now who will get the work. This matter will not be definitely settled until the Governor appoints the Commission. I have recommended to him the appointment of ex-Gov. Robert E. Pattison, James B. Scott, of Pittsburgh; Col. Jennings, of Harrisburg, and Thomas Cochrane, of Philadelphia. Until the Commission is appointed Mr. Scott has volunteered his services, and will render me all the assistance in his power."

Col. J. M. Schoonmaker, the Pittsburgh coke operator, who is here on the Relief Committee, will probably continue his work under the direction of the State authorities.

This afternoon the body of Miss C. A. Christman, the foreign missionary from New Orleans, who was on the day express when the flood swept it from the track, was found. On her person was a draft for \$25, a gold watch and a small amount of money. Her body was embalmed and placed in a coffin. It will be kept until her friends direct what disposition shall be made of it.

In one instance the delvers found in the swamp a mother clasping in her arms her babe. Both were long since dead.

A meeting was held in Alma Hall by the citizens of Johnstown to-day, at which the leading business men who survived the flood were present. Col. J. P. Linton presided. Remarks were made by several of those present touching the great work before them, and the

Some of the relief committees sent here by different cities are kicking. They came here with their grips full of money and with full power to aid the sufferers, but when they were asked to deliver the money over into the hands of the Pennsylvania authorities to be used for the purpose of rebuilding the town or to pay the laborers for removing the debris, they demurred. They said that the State of Pennsylvania was wealthy enough to clear up its own debris and lay out its new towns and villages, and that the money had been subscribed for the sufferers and not for the State. If the sufferers wanted the money to start life anew it would be paid over to them personally. The Chicago Board of Trade Relief Committee refused emphatically to deliver over their money to the authorities, and started back for Chicago with their bundle intact.



A SPECIAL POLICEMAN.

Mr. Charles L. Raymond, chairman of this committee, said, just before he left with his brethren: "We retained the money because it was raised to relieve distress, and for that purpose only, and, if it had been turned over on our arrival here, part, if not all of it, would have gone for clearing away the debris that has

beast, but the boy was found to be uninjured. Mrs. Ellison was to have met her husband in front of the Bridge, and the terror-stricken man saw the tragedy without being able to aid his wife.

#### P. J. SHARKEY OF NEW YORK CITY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Nearly every sporting man in this country knows Patrick J. Sharkey, the sporting man and boniface of the Americus House, corner of Thirteenth street and Fourth avenue, this city. Sharkey was born in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, on March 14, 1845, and his father was the first civil engineer and one of the consulting engineers of the first railroad ever laid in Ireland. He came to this country in 1860, and was employed in Judge John O. Robinson's office, in No. 58 Wall street, for three years. He served his time at the bookbinding trade. In 1868 he went into the liquor business, which he has followed ever since. He opened the Americus House on June 15, 1874, and since that time his well-known resort has been the rendezvous of sporting men from all over the country. Sharkey is very popular and has a legion of friends.

#### WINSOME "BABY" TREFF.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The POLICE GAZETTE publishes elsewhere the portrait and story connected with the cruel death of "Baby" Treff, one of the youngest victims of the Johnstown calamity. The story will, no doubt, be read with interest by our readers.

#### A MIRACLE OF THE FLOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the miracles of the Flood was that connected with the rescue of Miss Kate Blake, a domestic of the Hurlbut House, Johnstown, prior to the breaking of the dam. A full account of the truly wonderful escape is told by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent on another page.

#### JOHNSTOWN'S PAUL REVERE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We present elsewhere the portrait of John G. Parke, a young engineer of the Cambria Iron Works, who distinguished himself during the Johnstown disaster. The gallant young engineer, seeing that the South Fork dam must give way, sprang into the saddle and dashed at break-neck speed down the valley, shouting:

"The dam is breaking! Run for your lives!"

Hundreds of people were saved by this warning, and many more would probably have escaped death had his shouts been heeded.

Parke reached the South Fork station and telegraphed the tidings to Johnstown, ten miles below, fully an hour before the fearful thirty-foot fall of water broke over the doomed town.

The water was already at his horse's heels when he climbed up the mountain side and saw the torrent rush past.

"The rise in the waters," he said, "was simply phenomenal."

Mr. Parke is a Philadelphian by birth, and was graduated as a civil engineer from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago.

He is a nephew and namesake of General John G. Parke, who commanded the Ninth Army Corps during the war of the Rebellion.

General Parke is now the commandant at the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson, New York.

#### SWEEP OVER HORSESHOE FALLS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Jack Walker and Frank Davy started from the American side of the Niagara Falls in a rowboat, recently, to cross to Chippewa, on the Canadian shore. When half way across they turned the bow of the boat down stream, intending to land on Goat Island, a fact which has been performed several times before by Walker, but this time the current caught the boat and threw one of the men into the water. It then went along with the current and was swept over the Horseshoe Falls, carrying the other man with it. Walker braced himself under the seat as the boat went over the falls. Neither body has been recovered.

#### A WASHINGTON MAN IN LUCK.

"There is no incident in all my life," said Mr. R. C. Palmer, of 721 Eighth street, N. W., "that looks so much like providential assistance as the one which will send me to Dayton, Ohio, on the first train that goes out to-day."

Further particulars were asked for by a *Star* reporter and given as follows by Mr. Palmer: "I had arranged," said he, "to start in the furniture business in company with a friend of mine. We selected Dayton as the place in which to establish ourselves. I was endeavoring to raise the necessary money—about \$2,000, and supposed I would, but I was disappointed. My friend then went by himself, prepared to wrestle with the business alone, but before he commenced, I let him know I was coming with \$2,500. How did I get the money? I've been in the habit of investing a dollar a month in the Louisiana State Lottery, and the drawing of the 14th ult. brought me just exactly the sum I needed. I certainly call it providential. If this assistance had not come to me I might have remained a working mechanic all my life. Now I will have a chance to be somebody."

"Is this the first time you won anything in the lottery?"

"No; some time ago I captured \$25. That more than paid for the tickets I have bought. The Louisiana State Lottery is a great institution."—*Washington (D.C.) Star*, June 4.



JOHNSTOWN AFTER THE FLOOD.

necessity of united and individual action to rebuild the town and the cultivation of fortitude to bear up under the burdens and grief so suddenly thrust upon them. A series of resolutions were proposed and adopted, shaming James B. Scott for his untiring efforts to bring order out of chaos, and the people of Pittsburgh in particular and the citizens of the United States generally for their prompt and generous assistance.

They pledge united support to the State officials in every way in their power in the work now undertaken, to the end that the work may be expedited. There were some sharp criticisms of Gov. Beaver, for tardiness of action relative to the great disaster which has rendered thousands of people homeless, and his seeming attempt to belittle the matter in favor of Williamsport and other Susquehanna Valley towns which have been inundated. These expressions were received with manifestations of disapproval, and the subject was dropped.

Only ten bodies were recovered to-day, the smallest record for any one day. This is accounted for by the fact that but few men were working. It took all day to pay the men who have so far been at work. When it was found that few men intended to remain to work for the State at \$1.50 a day and board themselves, a hasty consultation was held, and it was announced that they would be paid \$1.50 and rations, as before. The notice was too late, however, and but few, comparatively, remained.

The Bureau of Registration reported to-day that 15,678 survivors have registered. Many registered twice and some a half dozen times, which caused the list to run up to 21,000. For the past twenty-four hours there have been very few new names registered, hardly more than a score, showing that the work is approaching completion. The number of bodies recovered is 1,192, of which 628 have been identified.

The balance, as has been said, have not as yet been rescued and are in the debris here, are bleaching on the banks along the river far below here or have been borne by the current into larger and more swiftly flowing rivers.

Many have been burned beyond recognition, as has been said.

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THE POLICE GAZETTE STAFF CONSULTING.

distributing stations are to be established and commanded as follows:

#### THE VARIOUS STATIONS.

Morrellville—Major H. P. Moyer.  
Prospect Hill—Lieutenant T. W. Richardson.  
Woodvale—Lieutenant Ed. B. Selden.  
East Conemaugh—Lieutenant J. F. Coon.  
Franklin—Lieutenant E. G. Mercer.  
South Fork—Lieutenant H. Cox.  
Johnstown—Lieutenant J. M. Baker and George R. Burnet.  
Kernville—Major A. Carlin.  
Conemaugh—Lieutenant S. H. Williams.  
Cambria—Lieutenant O. L. Richards.

accumulated in the river bed and at the bridge at Johnstown. That work properly falls to the State authorities, and we told the Pittsburgh committee that so soon as the State authorities assume all the expense of the clearing up and our money can go directly to the sufferers for whom it is intended, we will forward it to them. We expect soon to hear that the Governor of Pennsylvania has assumed charge of the expense of clearing the wreckage up, and we will then send our money on."

It is true that the big State of Pennsylvania, in which the disaster occurred, has been a little bit parsimonious in this matter. She has permitted the other States to contribute largely, but has not, officially, opened her purse-strings. All of her cities, towns and villages have come to the front nobly, but the State's vaults have remained obstinately closed.

With the valley placed in a proper condition for the rebuilding of houses, which is obviously the State's duty, the homes will no doubt be looked out for by the charitable, outside public.

#### QUEVEDO.

#### HEROINE MARGARET McCONNELL.

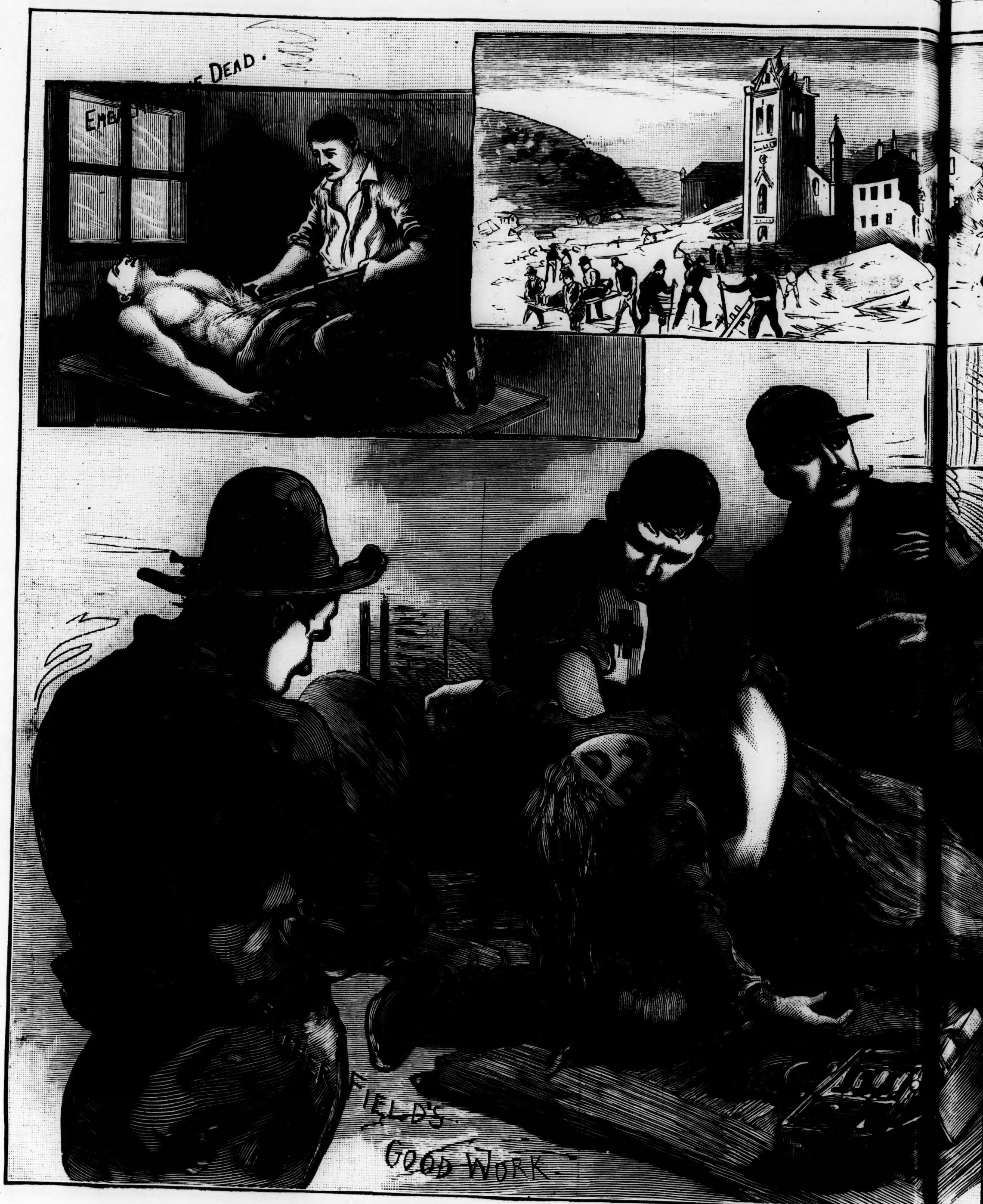
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

If any woman in private life deserves to have her name heralded to the world as a heroine that woman is Mrs. Margaret McConnell, the kindly wife of Engineer Tom McConnell, who saved so many lives during the recent Conemaugh disaster. The story of her acts is given on another page by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, and an excellent portrait of the estimable woman will be found on page 4.

#### TRAMPLED TO DEATH BY A HORSE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A runaway horse came dashing madly over the Brooklyn Bridge recently, and just before it reached the New York entrance Mrs. Mary Ellison and her four-year-old son Willie crossed the walk. Mrs. Ellison, seeing the animal coming, rushed to the sidewalk and called to Willie to follow, but the little fellow stood in the middle of the street, and Mrs. Ellison, knowing her son would be killed, rushed out to save him just as the maddest horse came to the entrance. The next instant Mrs. Ellison was thrown down and mangled and trampled to death by the frightened



AFTER THE FREFUL

SAD AND PAINFUL REMINISCENCES OF THE DIRE DISASTER--THO' WOR



FEFUL FLOOD!

HO WORTHY OF PRAISE AND THOSE DESERVING OF THE KNOT.



## KILRAIN-SULLIVAN.

"Referee's" Dissertation on the Prowess of the Big 'Uns.

## HOW THE DOUBTERS WERE SILENCED

One of the pugilistic sensations of the season, I think, is the ratification of a match between Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil and founder of the "Police Gazette" middle-weight champion belt, and George LeBlanche, the Marine, whom the California Athletic Club are offering a purse of \$5,000 to battle for.

Ever since these rival middle-weights fought in 1886 for \$3,500 and the "Police Gazette" middle-weight championship, at Larchmont (which encounter ended in a victory for Dempsey), there has always been a question as to whether Dempsey would have defeated the Marine if he had not struck him unawares, when LeBlanche dropped his hands and was not on guard.

The many admirers of the Marine have always maintained that Dempsey won on a fluke, and since then the Marine has time and again been eager to meet the unconquered Dempsey, but could not find anyone who cared about finding the "sins of war" for him to again meet the Nonpareil.

Now that the California Athletic Club has put up such a large purse and both LeBlanche and Dempsey have agreed to meet in the arena, the question as to whether the battle at Larchmont was decided by a fluke or by Dempsey's superiority will be settled.

Over three years have elapsed since that exciting battle was fought, and the question arises, "Has Dempsey improved since that time, or gone stale?" On the other hand, "Is LeBlanche the same pugilist in form as when he fought Dempsey for the middle-weight championship, or has he improved?" August 27 will decide the question.

By the way, I think that Dempsey's treatment of Joe Ellingsworth has not been fair, as he promised to give him the show he offered Johnny Reagan if he would go to California. Ellingsworth accepted the offer in good faith, but when he got there Dempsey threw him out for this match. His friends say that he is not a fighter for sentiment, nor does he battle merely to accommodate a man who wishes to accumulate fame by contesting with him. He has got far beyond that stage of the game, and is now a pugilist for revenue mainly. If he were to defeat Ellingsworth he would only get \$4,000, while if he beats the Marine he receives \$5,000. That, they say, tells the whole story in a nutshell. They also say that the Marine is an easier job than Joe is likely to prove, and claim that no one can blame Dempsey for getting the best of it when he can. The battle between Jack and George is sure to attract a good deal of attention, though, if the Nonpareil's stamina is not impaired, he should win now easier than he did when he met him before.

There is no doubt that LeBlanche has seen his best days. He is still a hurricane fighter, but he cannot go a distance, and any first-class man who can withstand him ten rounds stands a first-class chance of whipping him. He cannot get on to Dempsey as he can ordinary fighters, and when his bolt is shot he is sure to fall a victim to Dempsey's superior skill.

Mike Daly, of Bangor, has accepted Jack McAuliffe's challenge to any light-weight to box on the 4th of July, and they will probably meet on that date at some Staten Island "athletic exhibition." Daly is one of the best men of his weight in America, and once held McAuliffe very level in a four-round contest at Boston. McAuliffe's friends say that at that time his hands were puffed up and sore, and that he was as fat as a pig besides. Be that as it may, he will have no such excuse to offer this time. His hands now are perfectly well, and he has just as much time to get in condition as Daly has.

McAuliffe has given up all hope of inducing Billy Meyer to fight him a ten or twenty-round contest in this vicinity. Meyer is as firm as adamant in his determination to fight only to a finish, and they will probably meet in California some time in the fall.

If they do come together in California, sporting men will either see the liveliest scrap they have ever set eyes on, or the most fatiguing walk around imaginable. McAuliffe will ask the California club to instruct its referee to incorporate the rule of the London prize ring which requires the men to strike a blow or make a genuine offer to strike one in 5 minutes, into the ones which will govern his contest.

The Monmouth Park Association announces that the racing season of 1889, of twenty days, will commence on July 4, and continue on July 6, and on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday thereafter until Aug. 17.

The date fixed for the greatest fistic encounter on record—I mean the Kilrain and Sullivan battle for the "Police Gazette" champion belt, \$20,000 and the championship of the world—is fast drawing near, and the interest over the result of the meeting between these renowned fistic heroes is increasing. Everything connected so far with the prize ring encounter has been conducted on strictly business principles. The conditions specified in the protocol have been carried out with promptness, and so far no hitch has occurred. The match was ratified without any wrangling, and neither of the contracting parties gained any advantage when the great match was ratified. The final deposit was put up promptly at the time and place agreed upon.

A final stakeholder, the selection of which many thought would be the rock upon which the great pugilistic ship would split, was avoided, and a responsible person chosen to hold the \$20,000, the largest amount of stakes ever fought for.

The "Police Gazette" champion belt, which is part and parcel of the great match, was left with Mr. "Al" Cridge two days ahead of the time when it should have been put up.

The next act in the pugilistic drama was the tossing for the choice of battle ground, and this event was brought without a wrangle, and nothing is now to be done but for the men to enter the arena at the place selected by Jake Kilrain (he having won the toss) and settle the mooted question in regard to who is the champion.

Kilrain is steadily training near Baltimore, under the mentorship of Charlie Mitchell and Johnny Murphy, of Boston, while Sullivan is training at Belfast, under the care of Mike Cleary.

An exchange says: The manner in which John L. Sullivan is preparing for his fight is not the way that champions did in our grandfather's days. Here is a man who is to battle for the biggest stakes ever fought for in a month from date, and yet up to now he has not done a week's consecutive work at real genuine training. It is true that it is nearly three weeks since Sullivan went to Muldoon's farm for the purpose of training, and great stress was laid on the fact that there he would be away from the evil influences which tempted him to drink in this city, but he had hardly filled his lungs with fresh country air until Muldoon whisked him away to Detroit, to Cincinnati, to Philadelphia and to this city to give exhibitions of wrestling. He left this city to return to Muldoon's farm June 6, but the floods in the rivers in the western part of the State prevented his reaching it.

When Tom Crib trained for his last fight with Tom Moineux, he spent four months in careful preparation under the then most famous trainer in the world, Captain Barclay. In

that time he took off about twenty-eight pounds, and he went to the scratch not only sound in wind, but as hard as nails, and the perfection of his condition had much to do with his victory, for the old chronicles tell us that the black lost heart when he saw in what perfect condition his antagonist was. He had not thought it possible for him to get into such good form.

I see that both Harvard and Yale's crack crews are training for their great race, and, as usual, great interest is manifested over the affair.

Johnny Griffen, of Boston, who I expect to see pose as the feather-weight champion of America, has gone to San Francisco to meet Tommy Warren. Griffen, it will be remembered, beat Johnny Havlin in a canter a couple of weeks ago. When asked if he did not think that Havlin was stale and had gone back on his form, he replied: "I do not know; I hit him pretty hard," said he, "from the very start, and the blows dazed him. He never seemed to recover from them, and I guess that was what ailed him." Griffen is not a boastful little fellow, but his friends believe that he will defeat Warren almost as easily as he did Havlin. Whether he will or not remains to be seen.

J. S. Mitchell, the well-known Irish athlete, on June 8, accomplished a wonderful performance at hammer-throwing. He threw the 13-pound hammer 142 feet 10 1/2 inches on the first trial, and on the second he threw it 146 feet 6 1/2 inches.

It is a mooted question as to who will win the American Derby. McCarthy, of California, expects to carry off the prize with Sorrento; Baldwin, the millionaire turfman, expects to do the trick with Caliente; Armstrong has an idea he will win with Spokane.

Bryant says that Proctor Knott will do nothing until Chicago is reached, when he proposes to win the Derby, beat Spokane and show that he owns the greatest race horse in this country. He declares that Knott was hardly fit in his first race with Spokane in the Kentucky Derby, and in the Clark stakes the horse was almost a corpse. He says Knott can beat Spokane at any weight in a mile and a half, and he proposes to bide his time, get his horse fit and out of his hack and go to Chicago and do it. So it goes.

What's in a name, anyway? Spokane would have made the Kentucky Derby distance over Churchill Downs at Louisville, in 2:34 1/2, which is the fastest time the Kentucky Derby was ever run, if his name had been Jones. Yet I do not deny that the little town by the falls in Wyoming Territory has something to brag about and feel proud of at present; but wait!

As the time draws near for the running of the American Derby, the interest in the result of the great event increases, and the race-going public are beginning to realize that the stake is a very open one. The splendid record of Proctor Knott as a two-year-old made him a strong winter favorite, and the highly satisfactory reports of the progress of his spring training only served to strengthen the faith of the army of turf followers. His performance in the Two Thousand Stake at Nashville, in which he was pulled back to let his stable companion, Come to Taw, win, did not shake the confidence of his supporters, as it was quite evident that he ran second in order to avoid the penalty. Although his trainer and half-owner had announced that he would not start for the Kentucky Derby, neither public nor press credited the assertion.

But the temptation to pick up a little sure money on the way, and at the same time achieve the glory of winning the Kentucky Derby, overcomes wise resolutions, and the colt started and was defeated by the Illinois-bred and Montana-raised Spokane. The finish was exceedingly close, and the time 2:34 1/2, was very fast. Many friends of the favorite declared the race was a fluke, but as the pair met again at Louisville in the Clark stakes, when Spokane defeated him easily, we must come to the conclusion that the son of Hyder All is the best colt at Latonia who started in the Illinois Stake, which was won by his stable companion, Come to Taw, Longfish easily defeating Proctor Knott for the second place.

Spokane at the present is the hero of the hour, and his great public performances prove him to be a great race horse, but they do not amount to a mortgage on this stake, which has many other eligible candidates. His race in the Kentucky Derby was a great one, but in the Clark Stake he had nothing to press him at the finish. His owner has wisely determined to reserve him for the American Derby, and from now to the day of the race the trainer's art will be devoted to prepare him, so that on that eventful day he will be on wire edge for the great event of his life.

HindooCraft, the winner of the Latonia Derby, and Longfish, the winner of the St. Louis Derby, are not in the list of nominations, but the list is rich with probable starters of high reputation. French Park, the unbeaten son of King Ban, out of Lou Pike, with his stable companion, Sam Wood, by Longfellow, out of Lucy Jackson, will go from the East to do battle for the premier prize of Washington Park. The former won seven times last season, defeating many of the best two-year-olds.

The following list shows at what low prices great turf performers are sometimes sold. Very many wise horsemen think they can tell just how fast a horse can go by looking at him, or by tape-line measurements, but a glance at the names below should teach them better. The shrewdest man cannot do this with any degree of accuracy. Most of the following were sold at public auction, untrained. Many other instances besides the cases I mention might be cited and the list increased to great length:

Maund S., 2:08 1/2	.....	\$250	John W. 2:23 1/2	.....	\$68
Director, 2:17	.....	200	Majolica 2:15	.....	450
King Almont, 2:21 1/2	.....	200	Princetown, 2:23	.....	245
Evangelist, 2:19	.....	480	Princetown, 2:25 1/2	.....	230
Nonconformist, 2:23 1/2	.....	100	Westminster, paper, 2:18 1/2	.....	420
Executive, 2:31 1/2	.....	120	Honesty, paper, 2:22	.....	100
Rosa Wilkes, 2:18 1/2	.....	400	John W. Wilkes, paper, 1:16 1/2	.....	500

Three of the above afterwards sold for a total of \$72,000. Maund Messenger (2:16 1/2), when a colt, sold for \$12,50, we understand; St. Julian went for \$600 when young; Goldsmith Maid was only considered worth \$250 at six years old; Dexter was sold for \$400 when a four-year-old, and Flora Temple, at the same age, for the magnificent sum of \$13,50; Blackwood's dam brought \$125, and shortly afterward foaled the black horse that sold for \$30,000; Midnight, the dam of Jay-Eye-See, sold for \$125, and afterward produced the little gelding that now has a record of 2:10.

## REFEREE.

The festive Billy Jordan, the famous M. C. of all leading pugilistic encounters and exhibitions on the Pacific Coast, and who is also identified with the California Athletic Club, which is *ne plus ultra*, called at this office on June 4, with the famous middle-weight, Young Mitchell. The latter is a cool, shrewd, calculating pugilist. He is very unpretentious, by no means a boaster, and has gained full knowledge of the ins and outs of the pugilistic game, and there is not the least doubt but that he is a good book without any fancy cover. Both were surprised to see the trophies and the POLICE GAZETTE building, and during their stay they were met by Jake Kilrain, and were able to judge for themselves in regard to the champion's quiet and modest demeanor. Billy Jordan and Young Mitchell were well received at Boston by James Keenan, and they were honored in this city. On June 6, with Johnny Griffen, the coming feather-weight champion, they left for San Francisco.

Kilrain's COLORS—The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$2.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

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stripe down his face, and a little white on the pasture of his left fore leg. He has a fine, well-placed shoulder and is symmetrically formed all over, with faultless action and good temper. From being a son of Leamington, and tracing to a racing family, and being an uncommonly fine race horse, he should get race horses. He has the Pantaloons and Whalebones crosses on the sire's side, and the Glencoe on the dam's, with the blood of Sir Archy and Diomed through its best sources.

## "SPORTING LIFE" ON KILRAIN.

Regarding Jake Kilrain's departure from England, the London *Sporting Life* publishes the following: "To-day (Wednesday) Jake Kilrain, holder of the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, representing the championship of the world, will sail for America in the Adriatic (White Star Line), accompanied by Charles Mitchell and his wife. They will leave Euston Station at 7:15 A. M. and embark on board the tender at Prince's Landing stage at 3 P. M. Kilrain, who has been taking great care of himself lately, looks wonderfully well, and should John L. Sullivan face him in the ring he has every confidence that he will retain the championship and the belt, which he is bound in honor to defend against all comers. As our readers are aware, the battle, which will be for the 'Police Gazette' belt, the championship of the world and \$10,000 a side, is fixed to come off near New Orleans on Monday, July 2, the stake money having already been deposited with Mr. A. H. Cridge, of the firm of Messrs. Cridge & Murray, the well-known American levellers and commission agents. Both Kilrain and Mitchell, accompanied by Eugene Stratton, called at the *Sporting Life* office yesterday to bid good-bye to old friends, and they were met by Mr. George W. Atkinson (*Sporting Life*), the famous seconds, Jack Baldwin and Jack Harper, also Tiny Hawkins. An adjournment was made to Anderson's Hotel, presided over by the Messrs. Clemow, where, over a bottle or two of Mumm's 'extra dry,' compliments and good wishes were exchanged. Jake, in his usual modest style, said: 'All I want is fair play in my match with Sullivan, and I have no doubt as to the result.' These present joined in wishing Kilrain success. A more unassuming fellow or fairer fighter never put foot on English soil, and he carries with him the good wishes of everyone with whom he has come in contact.

"A saloon carriage was set apart, and on the platform to wish the voyagers good-bye and good luck were Messrs. Pony and Mrs. Moore, Eugene and Mrs. Stratton, 'The Whistling Coon,' G. W. Moore, Jun., and wife, Sam Raeburn, and George and Mrs. Fuller. Mitchell, his wife, Jake and Mr. R. Watson took their seats. Owing to the alteration in the time of starting, the public were conspicuous by their absence, and although Jake values highly the friendship of all Englishmen, he was rather pleased than otherwise that he left without a demonstration. Still, the employees of the railway were fully alive to the advent of the distinguished foreigner, and the infection becoming contagious, passengers and platform promenaders soon betrayed the liveliest interest in the movements of the American and English fighters. At five minutes past ten the leave-taking became general, and Mitchell, jun., who was judiciously left behind set up a little tearful demonstration on his own account. Slowly the train steamed out of the station, and amid the waving of handkerchiefs and somewhat sad adieux, the small band of relatives and friends were lost to sight though to memory dear. Needless to state, Kilrain was the recipient of many handsome presents from his old trainer Charley Howell, Eugene Stratton, and others too numerous to mention. When fairly under weigh, Jake wished the writer to remember him kindly through the *Sporting Life* to the Brothers Sage (of Dublin), Pat Kelly, Dan Armitage, Jack McCarty, Mr. Tyson (of the Irish Constabulary), Mr. Fred Galiher, Jack Hickey, Michael Joseph, 'The Daisy Irishman,' and others whose names he could not just then recall.

"Conversing with Kilrain on the subject of the fight with Sullivan, he remarked: 'In consequence of the hot weather, I shall go into the ring lighter than usual; but in cold weather I am sure to be 6 pounds heavier than I have previously fought. I shall commence my training on the boat, consisting chiefly of running, walking, dumbbells and sea baths. When I reach America I go straight on to Baltimore, and there remain until I leave for the fight, fixed for July 8. Charley Mitchell and Johnny Murphy will superintend my preparation, which will be very trying and irksome, owing to the heat of the weather. I could, of course, go to a cooler place, but the situation pitched for the fight (within 200 miles of New Orleans) is so terribly hot that it would be dangerous for me to risk the severe and sudden change. I don't anticipate a disturbance, notwithstanding rumor to the contrary, for I believe they will give me a fair show. Mr. Richard K. Fox, my backer, will give me all the stake money (\$2,000) if I am successful, and, you bet, I shall win it as soon as I get the chance, which I hope will not be long in presenting itself.'

M. S., Albany, N. Y.—The Withers Stakes for three-year-olds was won by Donovan on May 22 at Newmarket, England.

The Turcopoke second, Laureate third. There were 17 starters.

J. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—St. Blaise, the English stallion, was imported by August Belmont. His first representatives have covered themselves and him with glory at Gravesend, where St. James won the Seaside; St. Carlo the Great American, worth \$20,000, and Padishah the Bedford.

A. S. D., Philadelphia.—1. Yes. 2. There is no doubt but that Spokane made the Kentucky Derby distance in 2:34 1/2, although some people who don't know anything about it think to the contrary. A good many of these persons were a thousand miles away from Louisville when the race was run.

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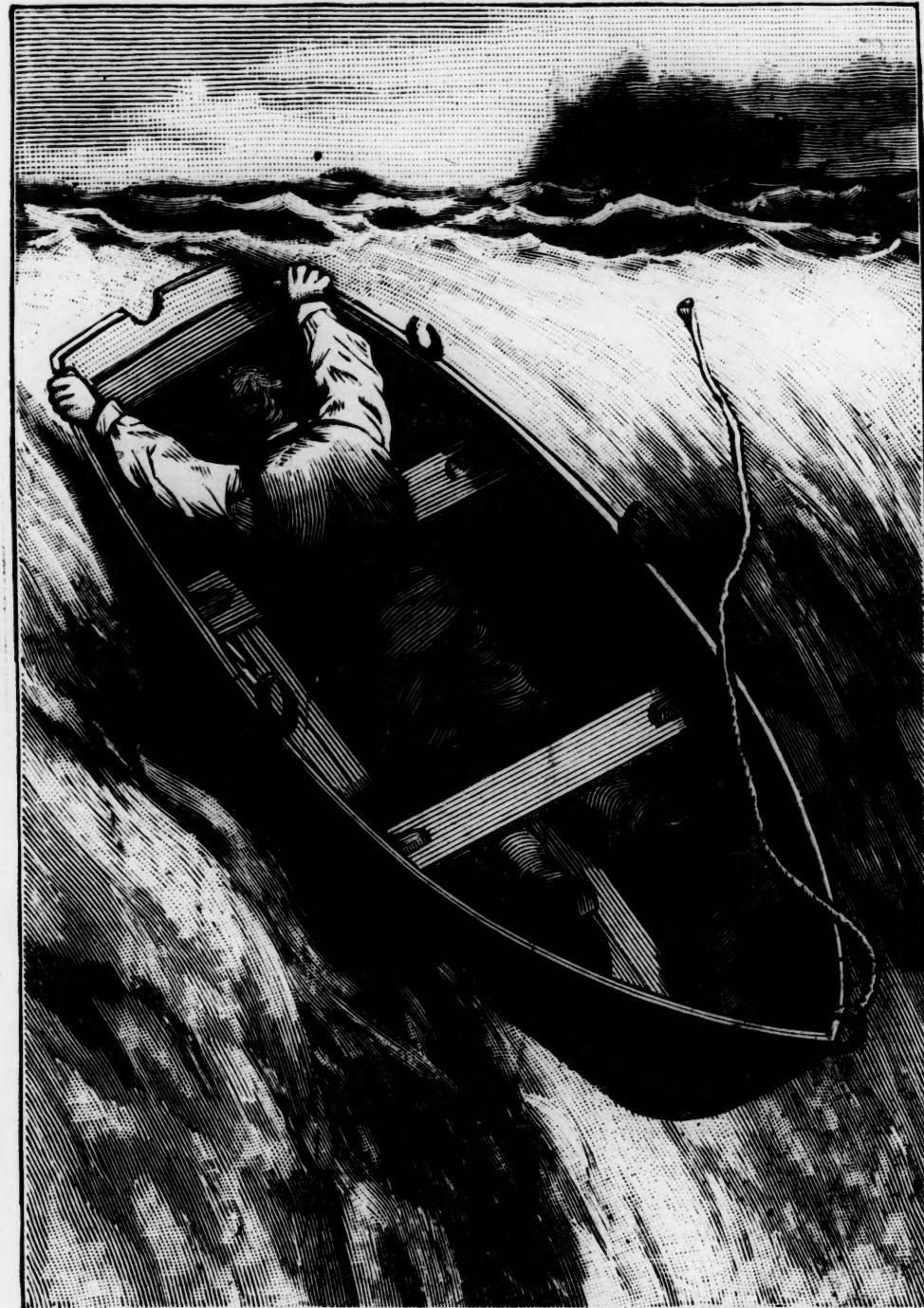
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J. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—St. Blaise, the English



RED PEPPER AT A RECEPTION.

COLLEGE BOYS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN HAVE LOTS OF FUN AT THE EXPENSE OF THE OTHER GUESTS.



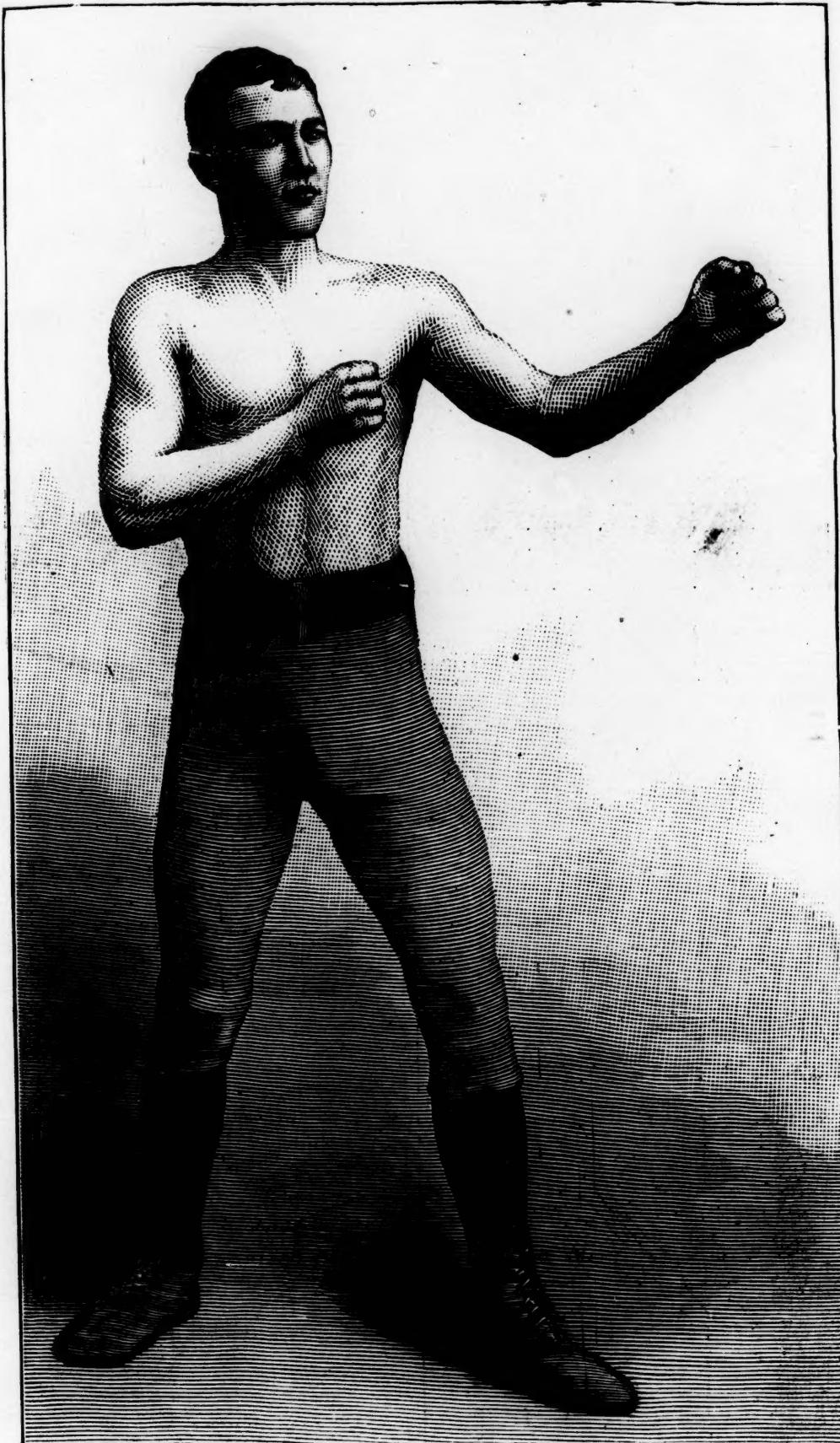
SWEEP OVER- HORSESHOE FALLS.

JACK WALKER AND FRANK DAVY WHO MET A TRAGIC DEATH IN THE RAPIDS OF NIAGARA, AFTER TUMBLING OVER THE PRECIPICE.



A PLUCKY CINCINNATI GIRL.

SHE INTERRUPTS A WOULD-BE BURGLAR IN HER ROOM AND SENDS HIM SCURRYING THROUGH THE WINDOW.



LOUISVILLE'S LIGHT-WEIGHT.

CHARLEY SLUSER, THE CHAMPION HITTER OF HIS SIZE OF KENTUCKY.

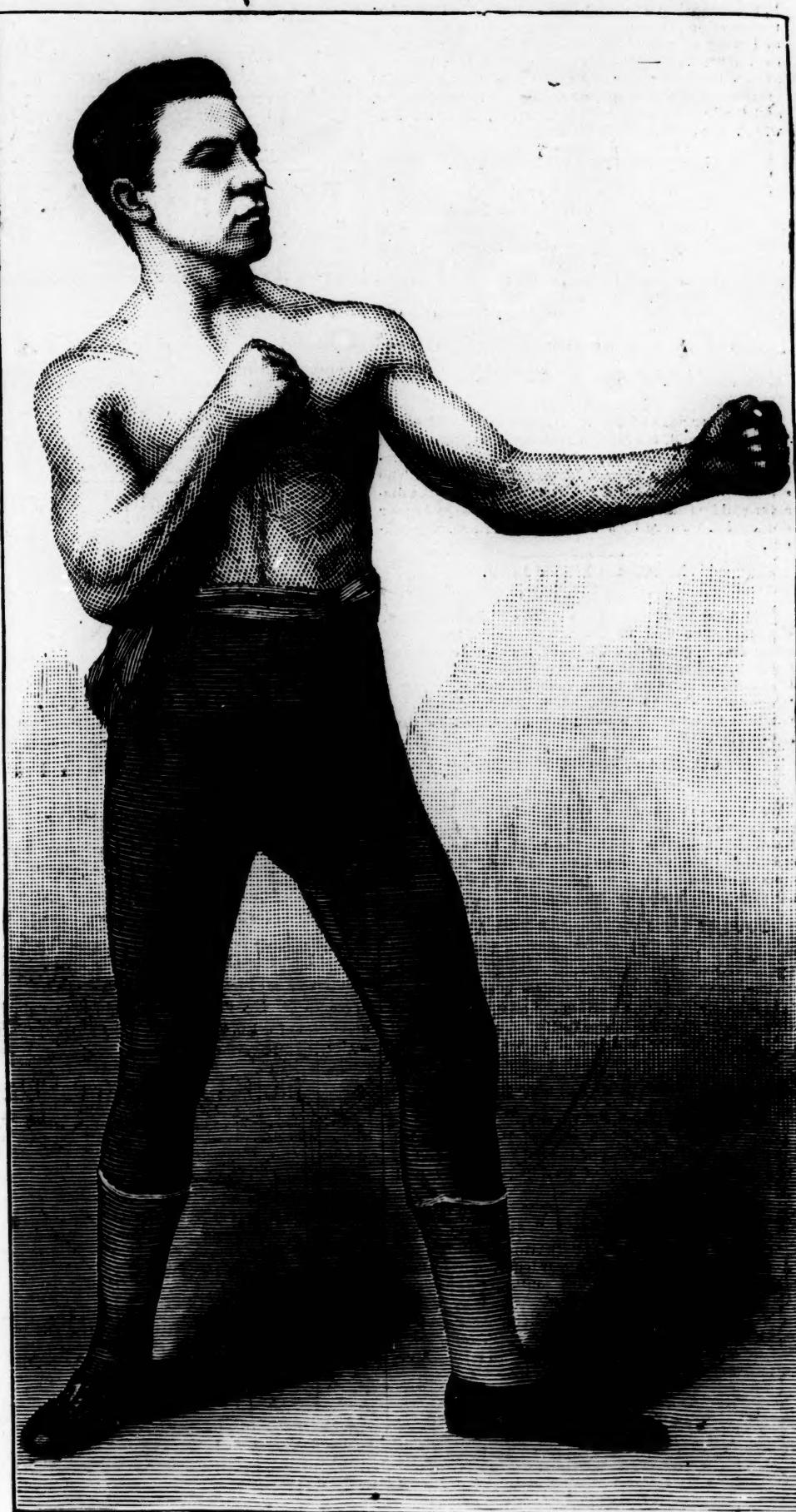


P. J. SHARKEY,

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POPULAR LIGHT-WEIGHT FIGHTER OF GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, WHO IS  
ANXIOUS TO MEET DESIROUS OPPONENTS.







HAPPENINGS AFTER THE BIG FLOOD.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE AWFUL CONEMAUGH VALLEY DISASTER AFTER  
THE WATERS HAD SUBSIDED.